

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

VOL. CLXVII. No. 2175

London
March 3, 1943



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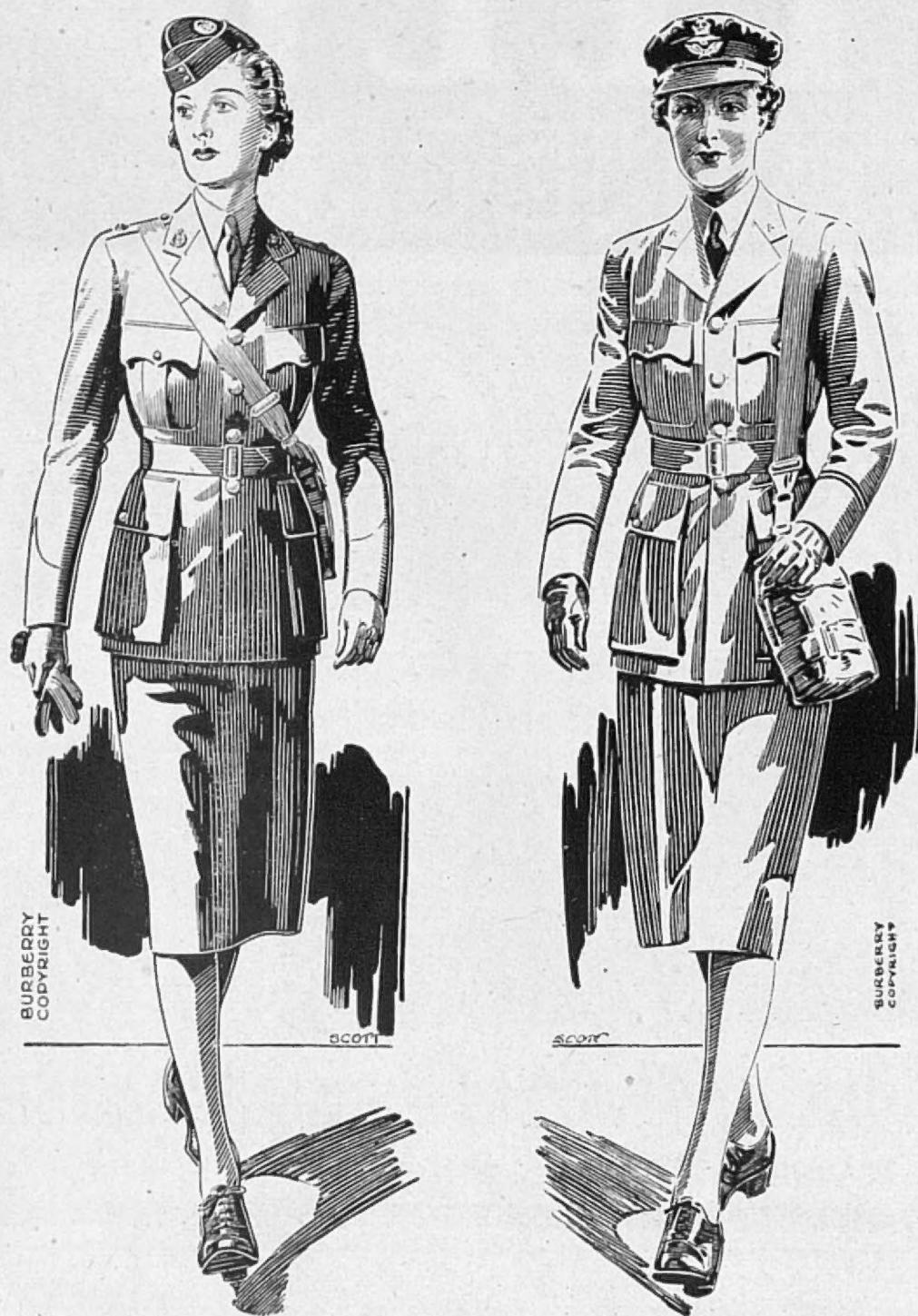
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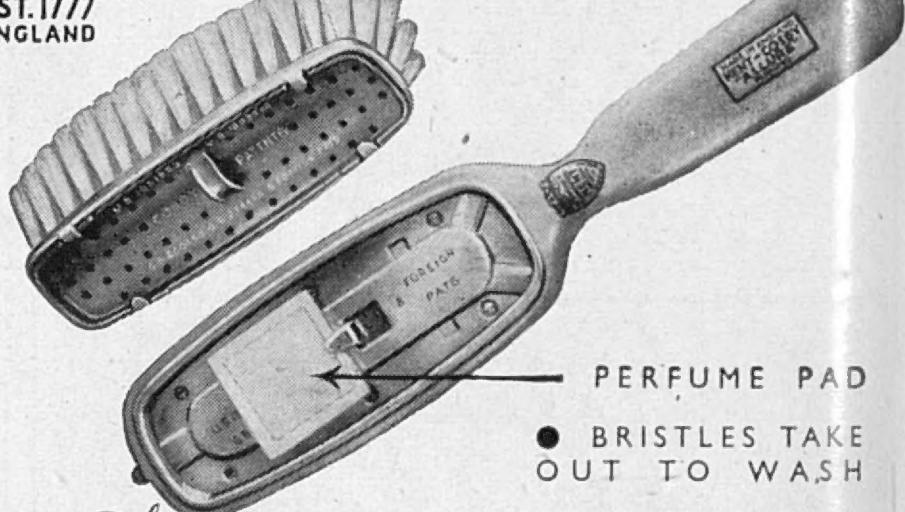
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LONDON

MARCH 3, 1943

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Vol. CLXVII. No. 2175

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d Foreign 1½d



The Hon. Mrs. Gardner

The wife of Mr. Ernest Laurie Gardner is Commandant of the Cambridgeshire Red Cross. All the time she can spare from the work her post entails is spent in supervising the production of food on her estate, Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, where, in pre-war days, she was the possessor of one of the best partridge shoots in the country. She and her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, O.B.E., who is Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, are the daughters of the late Lord Mount Temple. Mrs. Gardner was formerly married to Captain Cunningham-Reid, M.P., by whom she has two sons. Her present husband is the son of the late Sir Ernest Gardner



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Robust

For a time, only a short time, Mr. Churchill's health caused those about him some concern. But fortunately they were unduly alarmed, and they had lost sight of the resilience of the Prime Minister. He has a remarkable constitution, which he has never spared. All his life he has worked hard and long. Every moment of his day is planned, even to the short periods of relaxation. Apparently he had been sketching on the outskirts of London when he caught a chill. The infection quickly spread, as might be expected in a patient who has travelled so many thousands of miles recently and through such varying climates. It was with difficulty that Mr. Churchill was persuaded to take to his bed where he continued to work almost as usual.

Nevertheless many people took the daily bulletins of his health rather seriously, which indicates the hold Mr. Churchill has on ordinary people. There is the true story of the woman who woke up her husband in the middle of the night with the remark: "And that comes of boasting. I knew he shouldn't have boasted." The good lady's astonished husband eventually elicited the explanation of this outburst. She had heard the story of Mr. Churchill's meeting with General Montgomery. The General is reported to have said to Mr. Churchill: "I neither drink nor smoke and I am one hundred per cent fit," to which Mr. Churchill promptly replied: "I smoke and drink and I am two hundred per cent fit."

Beveridge

REPERCUSSIONS from the Beveridge Report debate in the House of Commons are more significant than one expected at the time. The discussions brought to the surface all the

political antagonisms which are naturally existent in a coalition. For the first time in this war the House of Commons was strikingly divided between Left and Right. There was plenty of room for middle-of-the-road politicians who would like to form a Centre Party, but not many of them made an appearance. The emotion which the Beveridge proposals have created showed itself to be largely political, and in these circumstances it is my opinion that the Government were, and are, justified in their attitude. Politicians must not be allowed to run wild on popular emotions. The Government's responsibility is to hold the nation in check in such circumstances. More than one attempt was made by people inside the Government to get slight concessions, but it was the Prime Minister who wouldn't budge. His language was not parliamentary but quite plain in its intentions to defy all who wanted to cause trouble. It was unfortunate that Mr. Churchill's indisposition occurred at this time, otherwise he might have been tempted to speak bluntly to the nation. The fact is that the war has still to be won, yet it is a strange commentary that those who clamour for the Second Front to save Russia are the most insistent on social security for the workers of this country. You can't have both at the same time. One must have priority, and Mr. Churchill believes winning the war should be our first concern.

Politics

THERE were two immediate developments arising out of the debate, the first was a suggestion that Mr. Churchill should relinquish the leadership of the Conservative Party and become the unfettered head of the Government and leader of the nation, and the other was Mr. Ernest Bevin's threat to resign from the Labour Party. When all the speculation had



Flying Field for the A.A.A.F.

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney (at the microphone) formally handed over a new flying-field for the American Army Air Force to Major-General H. F. Miller (right). In the centre is Major-General I. C. Eaker

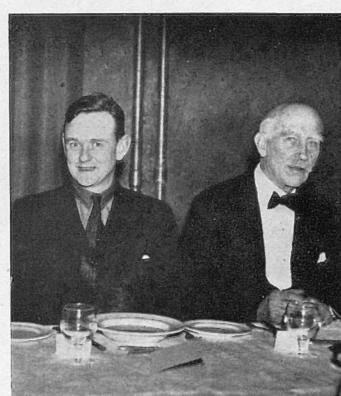
died down about what the Labour Party were going to do to compel Labour Ministers to withdraw from the Government, these two matters were still being actively discussed. I believe that Mr. Bevin was most anxious for Mr. Churchill to give up the leadership of the Conservative Party, as many moderate in all parties have frequently suggested. Those who advocate this, however, seem to overlook a most important political necessity. If Mr. Churchill was without a party, he would be subject to every change of political temperature, and would be unable to command any forces to combat the sudden changes.

Mr. Bevin will always be able to command support from the trade unions, even were he to leave the Labour Party. After the Beveridge debate, Mr. Bevin said some very hard things to the Labour members which had a salutary effect, for this monarch of trade unionism is



The Annual Dinner of the Oxford University Conservative Association

Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India, was the guest of honour, and sat between Miss Diana Colbeck and Mr. Geoffrey Rippon, who presided. Amongst the toasts Mr. Amery proposed that of "Our Cause"

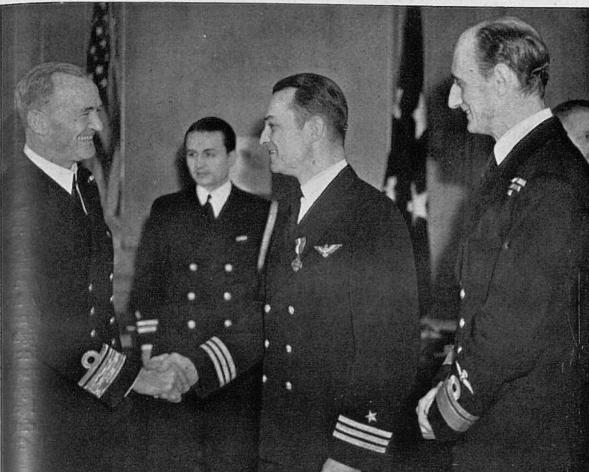


Captain the Hon. Quintin Hogg, M.P. for Oxford City, was a guest, and sat next to Sir Ernest Sivinton. He is Lord Hailsham's son, and returned recently from the Middle East



Johnson, Oifel

Lord Brabazon of Tara was beside Miss Anne Pegg at the dinner. As Lt.-Col. John Moore-Brabazon, he was formerly Minister of Transport and of Aircraft Production

*An Award for Gallantry*

Rear-Admiral D. W. Boyd, Fifth Sea Lord, congratulated Commander W. R. Hollingsworth on receiving the American Navy Cross. Commander Hollingsworth was awarded the decoration for gallantry in dive-bombing the Japanese Fleet in the Marshall Islands. On the right is Rear-Admiral R. H. Portal, D.S.C., Assistant Chief of Naval Staff (Air)

*Music for Malta*

Lord Gort, V.C., Governor and C-in-C. of Malta, received, on behalf of the Island, the manuscript of music written by Sir Arnold Bax to accompany the official film, "Malta G.C." It was presented by the composer himself, who became Master of the King's Musick last year

recognised as a man of sound common sense who has no time for political trimmings. He is convinced of the rights of all to a system of social security, as his record shows, but his plan is based on facts and not on political rivalry. The Labour people are aware of this, and they were insistent that Mr. Bevin should not desert their ranks.

Eho

THE fact is that the Labour Party is nearer than many of its members seem to realise to another 1931 calamity. No party can afford to do, and then shed, its leaders every so often. Leaders are elected for their wisdom and their grasp of affairs. If their advice and leadership are constantly to be disregarded what hope can there be for a party? Rank and file members may claim to represent the people in their constituencies, but only the leaders in the Government can know all the facts governing any particular situation. They have the responsibility for the nation's welfare, and there comes a time when mere votes must not be accepted as decisive. The Conservative Party have always shown much more steadiness than the Labour Party. They have never been afflicted by these sudden outbursts of revolt. In other words, they have learned to follow their leader. This does not mean that the Conservative Party is tongue-tied. As the revolt on the Catering Bill showed, they can jump the traces. But on all major issues Conservatives recognise the importance of maintaining party unity. It is a lesson the Labour Party must learn if it is to survive.

Celebration

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the creation of Russia's Red Army was celebrated with new Russian claims about the losses inflicted on the Germans, and in an atmosphere of joyousness resulting from victory which was recognised everywhere. But there is something deeper to be noted in the rise of the Red Army. The Red Army represents the rebirth of Russia and the transfer of political power from the Communists to the Army leaders. See how Premier Stalin flatters the Army. He has created several new marshals and has generously distributed the awards of the Orders of Chivalry. Obviously

to please the Red Army he has abolished the political commissars and a strong, well-organised officer class is in process of formation in Russia. Officers now wear epaulettes, and in other ways significant changes are taking place. In the Red Army there are many representatives of the old Russia who survived the revolution, and who have loyally obeyed the Communists. Their creed has been Russia first and Russia always. In this war they have proved their loyalty, and by their valour and brains they have delivered mighty blows against the military prestige of Germany. This new officer class in Russia is the most important development of the war and one which must be watched closely.

Optimism

HERE has been a sudden sign of optimism in Germany. The German High Command apparently feel a little happier at the prospect of the coming of the spring. Spring is still a long way off, but apparently the Germans believe that the weather is turning in their favour already. They must have reached a pretty low ebb if they can muster optimism on such a flimsy foundation. It may be, of course, that Hitler has emerged from his retreat to produce new intuition, or Goebbels has suddenly discovered that he has over-dosed the Germans with gloom. But for those who have revived Second Front demands there is this fact to be taken into account. The campaign in North Africa makes it impossible for Hitler to give undivided attention and help to his soldiers on the Eastern Front. Every plan he makes must take into account the Russian Front, the North African campaign and the prospects of a frontal assault on France's channel ports, the Allied invasion of Norway, and the collapse of Italy followed by Allied advances to the Balkans. Hitler may claim to have inflicted terrific casualties on the Russians, but they are still driving him back and capturing men and material. If Hitler's claims were reliable the Russians could not do this. So it seems that Hitler approaches the spring behind a propaganda smoke screen. What this smoke screen hides we cannot know yet, and we would be unwise to disregard any of the portents, for Hitler will not give up without a struggle. He

may be getting ready for this, his final throw.

Fasting

IN a world that is beginning to appreciate the shortage of food and other necessities, Gandhi's fast shows how remote he is from the psychological reactions of people outside India. At other times his attempt to blackmail the Government of India would have commanded much greater attention, and the prospect of his death while detained would have created uproar. It seems that the Gandhi technique has lost its glamour. Certainly the Government of India took the right decision when they refused to be intimidated. Had they shown weakness, the war effort of India would have been compromised and the enemies of the Indian peoples would have been encouraged. It is significant that on this occasion the Government of the United States has tacitly supported the British Government by observing silence.

*A Visit from the Duke*

The Duke of Gloucester visited the Foreign Relations Department of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Here, Lady Ampthill is showing him the Prisoners of War Department, of which she is head, where he spoke to relatives of prisoners

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Riddle of Itma

By James Agate

A GOOD joke is one that will stand explaining." Whoever said this spoke more wisely than he knew. Let it serve as a peg for my observations on *It's That Man Again*, at the re-opened Tivoli.

WHAT is the basis of humour? Unless you are of the school which thinks a lunatic funny, then the basis of humour is reason. Reason on its head. Reason keeping strange company, moving in the wrong direction, or produced Euclideanly to absurdity. All humour that is not pure nonsense depends upon some aspect of reason and must, therefore, be based on reason. Dogberry and Verges are funny because they are a burlesque of the "foolish officers" of Shakespeare's period. Dickens' Mr. Nupkins and Constable Grummer are funny for the same reason; the passage of two hundred and fifty years makes no mark on philosophic truth. The Marx Brothers? They are my best witnesses, attaining as they do, to the Carroll standard, Lewis not Sydney. Groucho is probably the greatest logician since Locke. If the thief they are looking for is not in the house, he must be in the house next door. Somebody arguing that there is no house next door, Groucho says: "Then we must build one." Which is as true to Marxian logic as needle is to pole. Damon Runyon? I feel that the other side will concede his evidence.

WHENCE it follows that nonsense *qua* nonsense cannot be funny. The man who, thinking he is a postage stamp, decides that he must be getting home before the dew falls, has wit to recommend him. But can anybody see anything funny in Edward Lear's Old Man of the Coast, Who placidly sat on a post? But when it was cold, Relinquished his hold. And called for some hot buttered toast? When Beachcomber pretended he had seen a dusky stranger sitting cross-legged on the floor of the Queen's Hall murmuring "Brahms, for the love of Allah!" he made one of the best jokes of the century; it would have been no joke at all if the visitor had said: "Beethoven, for the love of Allah!"

THE un-funniness of *Itma*—I speak purely of the film—arises from the fact that its jokes have no roots. They are fantastifications of nothing; they are like the squatter just mentioned who should murmur. "Music, maestro, please." There is a dusky fellow who sells improper postcards, and when repulsed says: "I go—I come back." Is this related to the experience of those of the audience who have seen service in Egypt? There are two broker's men who perpetually call each other Claude and Cecil. Is this because our humbler citizens find these two names mirth-provoking? There is an imbecile whose recurring excuse for imbecility is the phrase: "It's me noives." I cannot relate this fellow to anybody. There is a warning voice, which may have some connection with the craze for Sunday morning astrology.

There is a charwoman who reiterates endlessly: "Can I do you now, sir?" The persistency of the genus?

NOR, so far as I am concerned, does the repetition of the un-funny thing make it any funnier. There is a moment when the "char" looks as though she might be going to do a funny thing. This is when she shales her mop in the face of somebody bawling about melodee, and it seems as if she might ram it down the singer's throat—a thing I have wanted to see happen to every musical comedy heroine for the last thirty years. But no, nothing happens. Then there is a young man who sells portable street-lamps. One expects him to produce a portable dog—but he doesn't. There is Mr. Handley's bodyguard repeating the catchword: "Gee, Boss," ad nauseam. And then there is Mr. Handley himself, trying to wrest humour from dialogue of this order:—

"What time is it?"
"What does your watch say?"
"My watch says: 'Tick, tick.'"

If this is funny, then I'll have my brains taken out and buttered, as an authentic wit declared some two hundred and fifty years ago.

MANY people have said to me: "Yes, but the film is a poor shadow of the radio performance." Well, I have never heard *Itma* on the air, and in order to imagine myself in the state of the radio listener I several times closed my eyes. Without avail. From which I could only suppose that when *Itma* was done on the radio, listeners found the voices comic, and, in their mind's eye, fitted comic personages to them, thus doing for these so-called characters what Hablot K. Browne did for the characters of Dickens. Which didn't help me to get away from the figures on the screen. Did I find these funny? With the best will in the world, I must say no. I found nothing droll about Mr. Handley as I do about, say Bob Hope or Jack Benny. If to-morrow he were to put up for Parliament I should not hesitate to give that sterling, forthright countenance my vote. No funny business there! It would be tedious to go through the whole cast. Suffice to say that throughout the entire evening my face remained as glum as the faces of the councillors hearing that their mayor had misappropriated the town funds.

I TRIED all possible expedients. I said to myself that if I had spent the previous twelve hours driving a ten-ton lorry I might find this film more entertaining than the dreary road between Slopville and Sludgehampton. But, alas, I am not a lorry driver. I reminded myself of the B.B.C. boast that last year twenty million people listened to *Itma*, had hurried back from their pubs and their clubs to listen to *Itma*. My one difficulty in believing that these twenty million people cannot have been wrong is that I do not believe that any twenty million people can be right! If this were so, then Mr. Charlie Kunz would be a greater pianist than Moiseiwitsch and Miss Vera Lynn a finer singer than Elena Gerhardt.

THE solution of the mystery did not occur to me until I was in the middle of this article, when a letter arrived from a young woman in Bristol, saying: "I suppose you couldn't help me to like Shakespeare? I do try to, but when I read his plays my mind goes blank, and when I see them acted, I go into a coma." *It's That Man Again* has obviously been made with an eye to the cataleptic.



One of Bob Hope's famous telephone conversations is interrupted. On the left is Walter Abel—do you remember him in "Arise, My Love"?



Pop Webster (Victor Moore) gets the support he needs in his mad masquerade through the studio from Polly Judson (Betty Hutton)



Vera Zorina has a ballet number: "That Old Black Magic," sung by Johnnie Johnston as she dances

"Star Spangled Rhythm"

George Marshall Directs the
Greatest Star Cast in History

"Star Spangled Rhythm" can boast of 16 stars, 24 featured players and 30 other supporting actors and actresses. Among the stars are Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Fred MacMurray, Franchot Tone, Ray Milland, Dorothy Lamour, Paulette Goddard, Veronica Lake, Vera Zorina, Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd and Rochester. Most of the action takes place supposedly inside the Paramount Studio, Hollywood. It is the story of the gateman, an old man, once an actor, who at last comes into his own. The part is played by Victor Moore. As Pop Webster he boasts in writing to his sailor son that he is the head of the studio, and when his son (Eddie Bracken) shows up with a party of shipmates, Pop has to carry through his pretence. Pop's masquerade leads them into all kinds of adventures in the course of which they meet many famous stars and directors—incidentally, Cecil B. deMille, Preston Sturges and Ralph Murphy, all appear in the film. The climax is a great naval benefit show in which star after star appears, ending with a very grand finale staged against a scale model, 25 feet high, of the famous Mt. Rushmore Memorial, with Bing Crosby singing "Old Glory."

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Paulette Goddard,
Dorothy Lamour and
Veronica Lake combine
forces in a
novelty burlesque of
themselves called, "A
Sweater, a Sarong and
a Peek-a-boo Bang"



"On the Swing Shift"
is sung by Betty
Rhodes and Dona
Drake, with Marjorie
Reynolds, the singing
dancing star of "Holi-
day Inn," dancing



Katherine Dunham, a well-known young negro dancer with a University degree in Anthropology, does the "Sharp as a Tack" number with Rochester



Bing Crosby sings "Old Glory." In the background are huge plaster casts of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Old Chelsea (Prince's)

OLD times, sentimentally approached, are apt to display ye olde veneer; and there are writers whose quality may be judged by their attitude to the past. This may be patronising, which is bad; snobbish, which is worse, or just plumb whimsical, which . . . but it is late in the day to flog that poor jade, the musical-comedy libretto. Goodness knows the load it carries is apt to be tricky and not too neatly packed. Otherwise one might be tempted to give the book of this musical romance a flick or two with the lash. Its prime purpose is not to present authentic pictures of old Chelsea towards the end of the eighteenth century, but to provide Mr. Richard Tauber's vocal and compositional talents with a change of setting; another

Pensioners, were ready and able to render with the confidence of community singers, choruses from Jacob's as yet unpublished and unper-



Tripping the light fantastic toe are Peter Crawley (Charles Hawtrey) and Christine (Betty Percheron)

Left: Lord Ranelagh (Francis Roberts), a well-known patron of the arts, is entranced by the singing of the little milliner (Carole Lynne)

Below: Prima donna Nancy Gibbs (Nancy Brown) joins with the composer, Joseph Bray (Richard Tauber) in the singing of his unpublished opera



blossom time, as it were, in which to sing the songs and survive the sorrows of genius, without increasing his debt to Schubert. This it does by shifting from old Vienna to old Chelsea, where the laburnum shares the floral honours with the lilac, or is it wistaria?

Here, as Jacob Bray, a simple but still musical genius who has all his fame before him, Mr. Tauber sings, with verve and virtuosity, songs he has himself composed. They are suitable songs in themselves and the circumstances. Pleasantly redolent of old Vienna, they may be hummed by the laity at first hearing. Jacob is more fortunate than Schubert. Not only does his new opera win fame in a night, but the hand and heart which his leading lady, owing to a prior engagement, is for two acts obliged to withhold, are most happily bestowed on him by her milliner-understudy in the last.

OLD Chelsea seems to have been remarkably musical in ye olden dayes. Scratch assemblies of its inhabitants, ranging from blacksmiths and beadle to Royal Hospital



formed new opera, which was a great help both to Jacob and the plot. Old Chelsea was also exceedingly floral. The courtyard of the house in which Jacob lodged (owing his rent, of course) was such a bower of those beauties that bloom in the spring, tra-la! that had yet another horticultural title been preferred, Laburnum Time would have been the inevitable choice.

Jacob was domestically fortunate. His housekeeper was none other than Miss Maire O'Neill, whose duties left her a little baffled perhaps, but unsubdued. Her mere appearance at the window was sufficiently exciting to make us long for her emergence from that kitcat seclusion into the full-length publicity of the stage proper, that we might the more richly enjoy the measured rhythm of that virile rhetoric which is at once so Dublin and so dear. Her part, alas! is nothing, and that expectation was doomed to disappointment. Though when she did so emerge, all other distractions on the stage deferred to an authority that neither the paucity of her part nor bathos itself could daunt.

WHILE neglected genius and ill-starred love mingled their troubled courses in Mr. Tauber's latest vaudeville adventure, the choristic nobility and gentry enlivened its less lyrical parts with routs, minuets and gossip, and the hoi polloi with roundelay and romps. The prose passages were somewhat prone to anachronisms and sporadic attacks of pritheeism and me-thinkery. Though over-weighted by the thankless duties of comic lead, Mr. Charles Hawtrey had moments of prescience, in one of which he foresaw the coming of swing. This he illustrated in dance to Miss Betty Percheron, the vivaciously cute soubrette. The major soloists, too, had pre-Freudian foresight, and sang of wish-fulfilling dreams. The clustering lights in the windowed vista anticipated the coming of that noble power station that now dominates the Chelsea Reach, and extinguished themselves at bedtime with concerted, switchlike celerity.

But the music, not the play, is the thing. Mr. Tauber, of course, does ample justice to his own compositions and coloratura; and the two mutually obliging prima donnas, Miss Nancy Brown and Miss Carole Lynne, exercise their voices and charms with varying sweatiness and strength. Pizzicato numbers by Mr. Bernard Grun, pleasantly reminiscent of the days of Offenbach, augment Mr. Tauber's Vienna-laden arias.

The scenic effects are thorough, with glittering Regency costumes, and other miscellania to admire or condone. Ushered in by an orchestral intermezzo, comes the dawn and the happy ending. It comes with deliberation and a ruddy flush calculated to make shepherds tremble, and remind mere townsmen of a too-successful incendiary raid. Many playgoers no doubt prefer ye olde pastiche to the original example, and those whom Mr. Tauber's previous essays in this genre delighted will probably delight in this. Others more exacting, may feel that his remarkable voice might have been heard to even more grateful advantage in one of those light but lovable classics whose idiom owes nothing to Wardour Street, and whose period is their own.



Lady Superintendent-in-Chief

As Lady Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade for the Priory of Wales, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent recently inspected the ambulance, nursing and cadet divisions of Hertfordshire. The Duchess is a fully qualified nursing auxiliary of the V.A.D. For three months she worked at University College Hospital (where Princess Arthur of Connaught also trained), and it was there, as "Sister Kay," that she passed her nursing examinations



An Aberdeenshire O.B.E.

Mrs. Hamilton of Skene, Aberdeenshire, accompanied by her husband, Brig.-General J. G. H. Hamilton, D.S.O., late the Black Watch, headed the list of civilians to receive the O.B.E. at a recent investiture. She is a sister of Viscountess Bearsted



The D.S.C. for Gallantry

Sub-Lieut. R. G. Woodward, R.N.V.R., received the D.S.C. at the Investiture, for gallantry and devotion to duty on Malta convoy. His parents, Sir Stanley and Lady Woodward, went to see him decorated by the King

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

In the Family Tradition

THE young Marquess of Milford Haven is keeping up the family tradition of outstanding service at sea, and there was real pleasure in the King's smile as he decorated his twenty-three-year-old cousin with the O.B.E. and D.S.C. Lord Milford Haven was a midshipman when he succeeded to the title in the year before the war, and has been mentioned more than once in despatches. His uncle, Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations, has always taken a great personal interest in his young nephew's naval career. The Mountbattens have long been known as a seafaring family; the first Marquess of Milford Haven, who was formerly Prince Louis of Battenberg, was Admiral of the Fleet and First Sea Lord in the early part of the century.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven, the former Countess Nadejda de Torby, a direct descendant of the Romanoffs of old Imperial Russia, went with her son to the Palace to see him decorated. His grandmother, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was also there.

Red Cross Sales

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER was the guest of honour at the party given by the Red Cross Sales Department at their Bond Street premises. Sir Courtauld Thomson was host, and handed Lord Iliffe a cheque for £100,000 in celebration of the third anniversary of the opening of these wonderfully successful Red Cross sales. Miss Walker, the Red Cross Commandant in charge, had arranged a very interesting parade of dresses of the past, all of which had been sent in for sale to aid the funds. One particularly successful model was the "Victorian grandmother," in her sweeping black silk dress, lace cap and fichu, carrying a long-clothed baby doll in her arms. Among the audience were Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Marchioness of Willingdon, Sir John and Lady Kennedy, Lady Chetwode, Lady Hudson and Caroline Viscountess Bridgeman.

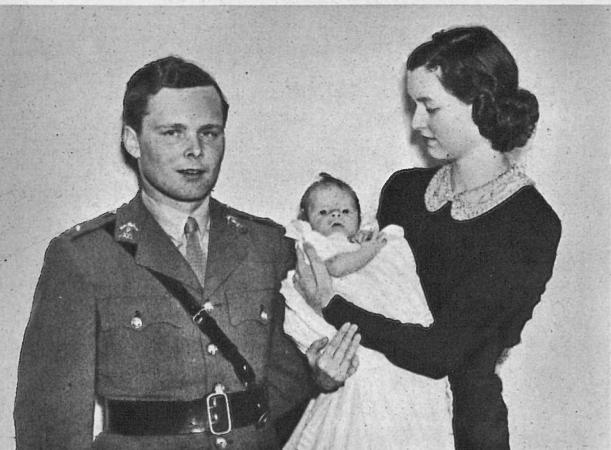
Debutantes' Ball

HAPERMOS and young girls met at Grosvenor House to discuss details of the coming Queen Charlotte Debutantes' Ball, due to be held on the 19th of this month. This year it is to be a "foodless" party, but in spite of this over a thousand tickets have already been sold, and two hundred debutantes are to take part in the traditional procession heralding the appearance of a giant cake, which will be decorated with 199 candles. Lady Hamond-Graeme was in the chair, and one or two interesting points were raised. To one enquiry whether it would be in order to bring one's own biscuits, Mr. Seymour Leslie, the able organiser, replied that people could bring what food they liked, and every kind of drink would be available. He added that at the previous "no-food" ball, one lady brought her own picnic-case, complete with thermos. Miss Patricia Cavendish, whose mother, the new Countess of Kenmare, is still away on her honeymoon, was brought to the meeting by Lady Katherine Lambton; Miss Kathleen Duncan, wearing a fine diamond engagement ring and carrying a photograph of her fiancé, Lieut. Ivar Colquhoun, to show to her friends, came with her mother, Mrs. Walter Duncan. Others there included Lady (Roderick) Jones, Mrs. Bertram Currie, Mrs. Arthur Guiness, the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, Lady Dunboyne and the Hon. Mrs. Allsopp.

Good Work

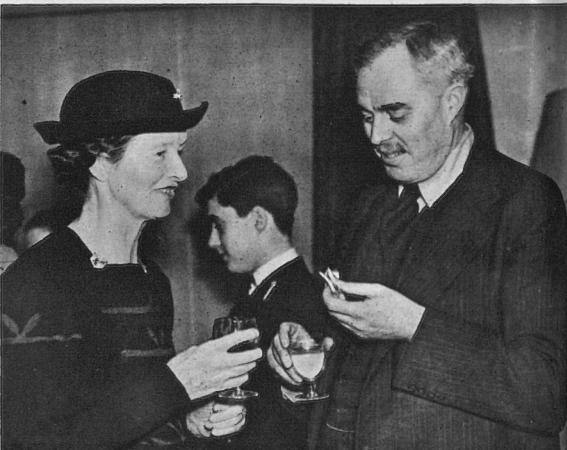
MRS. GEORGE PHILIPPI, sister of the Countess of Lisburne and daughter of Don Julio Bittencourt, formerly Attaché to the Chilean Legation in London, has every reason to be proud of the result of her recent work to aid the Red Cross and St. John Prisoners of War Funds. From her home at Crawley Court, near Winchester, she has been organising sales. One of the most successful of these was held at the Winchester Guildhall, and a fine collection of silver, jewellery, pictures, ornaments, antiques, liqueurs and wines collected by Mrs. Philippi was offered for sale. The Countess of Malmesbury offered the first lot for sale; it was a silver-gilt

(Continued on page 266)



The Earl and Countess of Inchcape's Son is Christened at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street

Viscount Glenapp, son and heir of Major the Earl of Inchcape, was christened recently in London, and received the names Kenneth Peter Lyle. Lady Inchcape was formerly the wife of F/O. Patrick Hannay, A.A.F., who was killed in action in 1940. The Inchcapes, seen here with their baby son, have a daughter, born in 1941



Sir Richard Pease, Bt., and Lady Pease, of Prior House, Richmond, Yorkshire, parents of Lady Inchape—their only daughter—were at their grandson's christening. Of their three sons, the eldest, F/O. Arthur Peter Pease, R.A.F.V.R., was killed in action in 1940. Sir Richard Pease served during the last war in the Northumberland Yeomanry



The Message is Written by Princess Elizabeth



The Pigeon is Given Final Words of Encouragement



Released by Princess Elizabeth, the royal messenger starts off on its homing flight



"Thinking Day" is the birthday of the late Lord Baden-Powell and of Lady Baden-Powell, and before the war it was the day when messages of good will were exchanged by Guides throughout the world. This year the messages were received at a central point in London by the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell. Princess Elizabeth, now a Sea Ranger, said: "I am very happy to take my part in sharing thoughts and prayers with all Rangers, Guides and Brownies throughout the world on this our 'Thinking Day.' The winged message I send to you all brings greetings and good wishes from my sister and myself, with pride and thankfulness that Guides everywhere are taking their share in the great fight against evil"

Right: The bird is watched on its flight till it disappears in the distance



Three Hundred Party Guests

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Brooke, son and daughter-in-law of Lady Brooke, a member of the dance committee, went together to the Three Hundred Party given in aid of charity



Between Dances

Two more at the Three Hundred Party were Miss S. Duggan and Archduke Robert of Austria. He is the younger brother of Archduke Otto, Pretender to the Austrian Throne

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

and embossed two-handled porringer with cover, a gift from Lord Louis Mountbatten, which raised £28. A pair of diamond ear-rings given by the Dowager Lady Cooper realised £590, and Lady Louis Mountbatten's three George II silver salvers fetched £26 each. An amethyst ring, which was Mrs. Philippi's own contribution, added another £13; and a dozen bottles of champagne, sent by Sir George Cooper, averaged £2 10s. each. Four lemons, also sent by Sir George, were sold twice, the sums paid for them ranging between 9s. and 12s.

Round the West End

PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT was one of a number of distinguished lunchers at the May Fair recently. Princess Arthur has always taken a great personal interest in nursing—incidentally, she runs a most successful nursing home in Bentinck Street—and was lunching with Mrs. Earle, an equally keen nurse, who works in the operating theatre of the Westminster Hospital. Others in the party included Mrs. Robert Balfour (Mrs. Earle's sister), Miss Kate Wyatt, Red Cross Commandant of London 52 Post, Chelsea Division, Sir Joseph Addison and Sir Eric Phipps. In the evening, Prince Bertil of Sweden was dancing in the same restaurant with Miss Valerie Churchill-Longman, who comes from Dorsetshire. In the lounge, a rare visitor was Sir Bernard Spilsbury, highly pleased with the good news just received from his youngest son, Lieut. Richard Spilsbury, who is in the Gunners somewhere in Africa. The barter system there, according to Lieut. Spilsbury, is working excellently. His platoon had just succeeded in exchanging some requisitioned and highly doubtful Italian cigarettes for one hundred eggs.

In London

HIGH stools for quick luncheons are becoming increasingly popular with busy people. Perched becomingly, the new Mrs. Carol Reed (Diana Wynyard, the actress), all in black, with a black turban and neat white collar, was joined by Mr. Rex Harrison, resplendent in Air Force uniform and himself newly married to Miss Lili Palmer. Mr. Michael Redgrave, still perceptible, in spite of the real beard he has grown for his part in *A Month in the Country*, was also there; so was Princess (Bianca) Leowenstein, the sculptress. Chelsea habitues about in the neighbourhood included Mr. A. P. Herbert, Miss Pamela Frankau, smart in her A.T.S. uniform; Mr. Nigel Richards, Mrs. Penrose, who is Robert Newton's sister; and Miss Christina Horniman,



Captain and Mrs. Derek Tangye

Captain Derek Tangye, I.C., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. T. G. Tangye, of Glendorgal, St. Columb Minor, married Jean Nicol, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Nicol, of St. Albans, at Richmond Parish Church

in W.A.A.F. uniform, one of many who have left the stage for the Services. Also about was Mr. Stefan Kleczkowski, whose new book is just out. It is called *Poland's First 100,000*, and is the story of the rebirth of the Polish Army, Navy and Air Force after the September campaign, together with a biographical note about its creator, General Sikorski. Mr. Kleczkowski has an excellent command of English, and the book is an interestingly written account of interesting happenings, and also contains photographs of prominent Poles, and of British M.P.s and others who have been instrumental in extending help and hospitality to Poland—the Maharaja of Nawanagar, for instance, who welcomed large numbers of Polish refugee children to his State in India.

Personal Notes

AT CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR CHRISTOPHER COURTNEY and his attractive wife spend much of their time at their flat in Basil Mansions nowadays. Lady Courtney's daughter, Valerie, is making her headquarters there while doing important work as welfare officer at a factory. She is the young widow of Commander E. O. Bickford, D.S.O., who was lost in the submarine Salmon in the early days of the war, only ten



The Second Three Hundred Party, Held in Aid of Scottish Women's Hospitals

Miss Julia Squire was one of the hostesses. With her in this picture is her mother, Lady Squire, and F/O. Tony Wickham, D.F.C. A lemon from Cyprus, auctioned at the party by Lady Victor Paget, fetched £5



Lady Brooke was a member of the dance committee, and Lady Victor Paget, the chairman, received the guests. Arriving at the party is Sir John Fisher, Director of the Coasting and Short Sea Division at the Ministry of Transport



Married in London : Prince Emanuel Galitzine and Mr. John Buckley with Their Brides

Prince Emanuel Galitzine, youngest son of Prince Vladimir Galitzine and the late Princess Catherine Galitzine, married Miss Guendoline Rhodes, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Stanley Rhodes, of Donaghadee, Co. Down, the first service taking place at Caxton Hall, and the second at St. Philip's Russian Orthodox Church



The marriage of Mr. John W. Buckley, Welsh Guards, and Miss Wanda Patricia Gloag, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. V. F. Gloag, of Holmewood, Knutsford, Cheshire, took place quietly at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Buckley, of Sarnau House, near Carmarthen

weeks after her marriage. Many of Mrs. Bickford's friends are also working at the factory; among them Lady Sarah Churchill, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and, until recently, Lady Honor Vaughan, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, who was married to Captain Rhydian Llewellyn, and of Lady Llewellyn, of St. Fagan's, Glamorgan, at the Royal Military Chapel on January 2nd this year. Lady Courtney is able to see very little of her sixteenth-century cottage in Surrey these days, for her husband is far too busy to be able to get down to the country, except on very rare occasions. At Apple Cottage, Lady Courtney grows her own vegetables, bottles her own fruit and makes jam. She is an excellent cook, and even in town manages all the family meals, and, in spite of very little help, she and her husband entertain their friends most hospitably.

Frolic

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION" is a gay little play indeed, with Bernard Shaw at his most audacious, making hay of ancient Rome, Christianity, and the king of beasts, with the

two last-named coming out pretty well on the whole. Alec Clunes' production of it at the Arts is a great success, with himself as the bellicose Christian, Ferrovius, whose violent temper makes turning the other cheek a specially trying pursuit; Denys Blakelock, delightfully playing Androcles (on whom all animals, including lions, fawn), with his best comic Cockney accent; Frank Partington, busily doubling the parts of Lion, Lentulus (a Roman courtier) and Secutor (a gladiator); and Geoffrey Dunn being a delight of a pansy Caesar.

Pictures

At the Redfern Gallery the recent works of Victor Pasmore, of the Euston Road Group, are being exhibited. The group was the idea of Sir Kenneth Clark, who is tireless in the interests of Art, and within it flourishes the promise, and its fulfilment, of many of the younger British painters.

Victor Pasmore is recognised as its most gifted member, and this exhibition displays his steady competence as an all-round painter—of still lifes, nudes, flower-pieces—he tries his hand at traditional subjects in traditional manners, and yet with an absolute and sincere

(Concluded on page 280)



Seeing the Show

S/O. Hands, B.E.M., and Wing Cdr. W. G. Duncan Smith, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, enjoyed the excellent show organised for Fighter Command by F/Lt. Freddie Carpenter, former dance producer



After Gibraltar Famous Stage Stars Entertain Fighter Command

Beatrice Lillie was a member of the all-star-cast revue recently performed in Gibraltar, who helped entertain personnel of Fighter Command on their return. With her here are F/Lt. Parkes, a Polish F/Lt., and F/Lt. Michael



Air Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh Mallory, D.S.O., A.O.C. Fighter Command, discussed the show with Lilli Palmer and Florence Desmond. Lilli Palmer was recently married to F/O. Rex Harrison, the well-known actor, now in the R.A.F.V.R.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

HERE are never any jolly fights in the Commons nowadays, we reflected on reading the obituaries of Lord Gainsford, who took part in one. The Committee Stage of the Second Home Rule (Ireland) Bill saw the last free-for-all, apparently, and oddly enough it wasn't the Irish members who began it.

The late Chambre des Députés of the Third Republic (which stank) echoed to many fine uproars, bell-rangings, howls, yells, bangings on desks, threats, pushes, bumps, and now and again a sock on a legislative nose. We never saw an actual fight there, but we well remember the upheaval and tohu-bohu when a big coloured wool-haired deputy from French Africa rose to challenge Herriot in a fury and Léon Daudet shouted jovially from the Right, "Look out, he'll eat you!" Since 1793 the French have always liked a bit of zing with their debates, as Napoleon realised when he ejected the Assembly at the bayonet-point. So, travellers tell us, do some of the South American parliaments, whose members often bring their automatics, and why not? One boff on the noggin is worth five columns of Hansard.

The Race is more decent.

Fuehrer Cromwell's well-known clearance of the House didn't evoke a single peep from the boys, apparently. They just shambled out quickly in a herd, terrified, and mumbling about freedom and birthrights and tralala. We guess any rebel would have got his packet, like the mutinous sergeant Adolf Cromwell once shot dead on parade. There was no nonsense about free speech with that great Democrat, which is why our meekest little modern Liberals adore him so, maybe.

Coincidence

If we were one of the boys who are so hot at spotting omens, we'd be making an issue of the fact that Wilde's *Salomé* has recently been a big hit at the State Theatre in Berlin. It was so in the last war, equally. This signifies nothing more, no doubt, than that the Germans are fond by nature of this slab of highly stage-jewelled perversity and sadism.

Taking a nervous peck at the current London stage, one perceives slightly less nitwittry flourishing than in World War I., and no sadism to speak of, a brief revival of *The Man With Red Hair* having passed quietly down the drain some little time ago. Where the omen-boys would go wrong here, probably, is to assume that the current West End stage also mirrors a public

need, whereas it merely mirrors the determination of Joe Gutz and Izzy Hopwaltz and other hardfaced boys to make a bit of dough while the going's good. In Berlin, contrariwise, they devour *Salomé* like salami, eagerly, in huge gulping mouthfuls, with or without the beastly music of Strauss.

Offer

So we won't dwell on the fact that reviving *Salomé* in Berlin in both wars looks like an omen of not-distant victory, for it may be merely a coincidence. And now what about our telling your fortunes instead, in our wild old gipsy way? You've got lucky faces, gorgeous gentlemen, we can see that. Not handsome, just lucky. There's a fair la— excuse our overpowering Romany giggles. Just the wind on the heath, lucky gentlemen.

Recipe

DOWN in the jungle the other day something stirred. It was only the jazz-kings telling the Incorporated Society of



"Keep that thing still, can't you, I'm landing"



Men's clothes.

"How does madam's face respond to wartime substitutes?"

Musicians where they get off. Having carried a resolution protesting against the increasing mutilation of the nobler classics by the Voodoo boys, the I.S.M. (the Voodoo boys intimated) could go and curl its hair with a Beethoven score. Our spies report that the I.S.M. is actually doing this now, rather ungracefully.

The jungle's case is apparently that the masters lack that jive and schmaltz necessary to produce the desired state of paranoid epilepsy in the listener which a progressive age demands, and it is therefore no use playing good music "straight." And it must be confessed that when the jazz boys point to the average glassy-eyed London audience at a classical recital and ask whether those cases are doped or merely dead, it is difficult to answer them. A Harley Street psychologist told us however that there is a simple way to galvanise an audience of serious British music lovers into life, causing their eyes to brighten, their cheeks to flush, and their pulses to beat like billy-ho. "Half-way through, say, one of the Brandenburg Concertos," said this chap, "let a little dog—say an Aberdeen-trot across the platform." He said this once saved a West End first-night of *Hamlet* from being as cruel a frost as that experienced by Good King Wenceslas, but psychologists are such liars.

Sob

ASKING himself in an arch, sighing, mousey sort of way if we shall ever see any more Ascots-as-they-used-to-be, a gossip forgot that some of the hats and frocks smart women used to wear in the Enclosure drove many thoughtful citizens annually nuts. We composed a ballad on this topic which we don't mind singing to you, unasked, here and now:

(Concluded on page 270)

MARCH 3, 1943



Loretta Young Celebrates Fourteen Years of Stardom

For twenty-four out of her total twenty-nine years, Loretta Young has been making motion-pictures. Her 101st role is in Columbia's new production, *A Night to Remember*, which will shortly be seen in this country. In it, she will co-star with Brian Aherne. Loretta Young was only five when she made her first screen appearance with Fanny Ward, but some years were to elapse before she reached stardom. Her first lead was with Lon Chaney in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*, and since then she has never looked back. She has played in tragedy and farce, as a street gamin and as a society lady. In *A Night to Remember*, which is described as a comedy-thriller, her role is that of a sophisticated comédienne. A haunted house, sailing lights, unwanted bodies and a giant tortoise all combine to make this one of the craziest farces directed by Richard Wallace.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

I.

Amid the brilliant throng at Royal Ascot
A well-dressed baronet seemed ill at ease,
And as a laughing duke ran gaily past him,
He clutched his arm and said: "One moment,
please!"

Refrain (slowly and with filial anger):
Don't toss my Mamma no more sugar,
Don't stroke her insouciant nose,

It's that damned awful hat

Makes people do that,
And they're not to be blamed, I suppose;
I told her those carboles looked frightful,
But her milliner bellowed: "*Très chic!*"

I don't want to knock

Off your finely-shaped block,
But—beware of a loving son's pique!

II.

The luncheon-tent was full of happy faces,
The champagne wine was flowing free and gay;
When a young man leaped smartly on the table,
And holding up his hand he shouted: "Say!"

Refrain (more angrily):

Don't stick no more forks in my Lovely,
Lay off with that pepper and salt,
To the casual eye

She's a big Strasbourg pie,
But it's time that we now called a halt;
Her frock drives me equally crazy,
In that hat she's the Queen of the Saps,

But since nobody can

See one-fifth of her pan,
You'll admit it's a blessing, perhaps.

The third and final verse was so beautiful,
so touched with bitter yet transcendental
pathos, that we've completely forgotten it.

Chum

WHEN our favourite Nature boy last
week reported seeing the year's first
bumble-bee, a female awakened from winter
sleep too early but apparently quite happy,
he did not indicate whether
what made this bee happy was
the sight of him or the prospect
of a write-up in the serious
Press. This may be modesty,
but is it scientific?

Whether or not this Nature
boy looks like Prince Charming
to a half-awakened bumble-
bee—a bee sees about 50 dis-
tinct tiny portraits of every-
body, which makes you think—he
was wise in not risking more
intimate acquaintance with her,
unless he is a bee-boy. Only
a bee-boy can stroke and fondle
bees with impunity. In the
South the bee-boy is generally
a village mental case, half-fey
and very curious, who lives ex-
clusively for bees and is never
stung, even when he raps on
a hive to make the bees come
out, in order to grab them and
devour their honey-bags. No-
body has ever explained, so
far as we know, how a bee-boy
gets away with it. Maybe
being halfwitted is a natural
protection, as in politics.

The quaint old hayseed custom of "telling the bees"—
that is, tripping down to their
hives when somebody dies in
the house and whispering the
news—is dying out everywhere,
we gather. It is hard to believe
that bees ever really cared if
hayseeds died or lived. Getting
drunk on lime-flowers and
watching the essential guts of
the Queen Bee's bridegroom

hurtling downwards through
space after the nuptial flight
are the only things that interest
bees, apart from sting-
ing amateur beekeepers
horribly for fun.

Tipple

A PROPOS lime-flowers,
some economical little
mother has been urging that
the decoction called *tilleul*,
made from the dried blossoms,
is an ideal substitute for
the Indian drug with
which the Race dopes itself
day and night, and at which
the Chinese shudder politely.

Lime-blossom-tea, the
standard nightcap of the
French bourgeoisie, is, if
you remember, the stuff
into which Marcel Proust's
aunt Léonie once dipped a
cake (actually a *madeleine*)
for him in childhood, the
remembered flavour inspiring
Slogger Proust years
afterwards to a dainty

5,000,000,000-word précis of his early
memories and impressions; which may be
one good reason for avoiding this brew.
But its fragrance is pleasantly evocative to
lovers of France, summoning up some little
sleepy town full of sunshine, old maids,
troopers, lilac, retired ironmongers, trees,
bees, and a pervading odour of newbaked
bread, woodsmoke, and a starched propriety
supposed by the Race to be exclusive to our
native cathedral towns. Nor does *tilleul*,
this innocent tipple, rot the nervestrings,
obfuscate the will, and render the addict
easily bamboozled by Utopian spellbinders,
as tea does. Dried in the sun, brewed with



"There's that zoning official again"

freshly boiling water, and flavoured with a
slice of lemon, it is a sedative of the best.
You'll need it if the bees are there first.

Ersatz

ON the outskirts of the Polish village of
Wyschkow a little time ago a "British-
type small town" was constructed specially
to familiarise Nazi dive-bombers, para-
chutists, and shock-troops with the right
atmosphere during invasion rehearsals. It
is now dust, we read.

This town was no lath-and-canvas affair,
such as the film boys build, but solid stone,
bricks and mortar, and heavily gabled, as
you might expect; and we
shouldn't wonder if the laborious
German passion for detail
had filled its streets at intervals
with toothy, tweedy ladies tied
to Aberdeens and other common
fauna of the British country town (1943). And maybe in
the cellars were typical British
families cowering in terror and
stuffing themselves madly with
their last ration of marmalade,
their staple food (see any issue
of *Simplicissimus* or *Kladderadatsch* over the past fifty years
or so).

Footnote

THE marmalade-fixation
dates back probably to the
marriage of Queen Victoria, being
(we surmise) a spirited
German repose to those songs
and jokes about pumpernickel
and sausage-eaters which the
ruder citizens of London bawled
in the streets for the Consort's
benefit. By then it must have
become a constant of the British
breakfast-table, though still
enough of an upstairs luxury
for Mr. Jorrocks, M.F.H., to
give half a pot to his whipper-in
for devotion to duty. The
American troops are said
(1943) to eat it simultaneously
with fried bacon, which pro-
vokes us to meditation of an
absorbing kind, though those
boys presumably know their
own business best.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"P for Pegasus' home again, sir . . ."

Four Beautiful Women

Painted by Mr. Cowan Dobson



Mrs. John Steel was the charming sitter for this portrait by Mr. Cowan Dobson. She is the daughter of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Hon. Pathologist to the Home Office. Since the outbreak of war Mrs. Steel has been an ambulance driver for the L.A.A.S., and her work took her out all through the London air raids



Lady Caroline Agar is one of the Earl of Normanton's six sisters. She is an energetic war worker, and is Fordingbridge Area Representative for the Women's Land Army



Mrs. Cowan Dobson is a favourite subject for her artist husband, and this is his latest portrait. The Dobsons are now back in their cottage studio in Edwarde's Square, which suffered considerably in the London blitz. While temporarily living in the North, Mrs. Dobson did voluntary canteen work, and her husband gave up much of his time to entertaining the troops and wounded



The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy is working in a munition factory. She is the wife of Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, M.V.O., M.C., the Earl of Airlie's only surviving brother. Before her marriage in 1931 she was Miss Primrose O'Brien, and is the daughter of Mr. R. W. O'Brien, of Drogheda

Cliveden Re-visited

More Pictures of
Lord Astor's Gift
to the Nation

On December 23rd we published photographs of Cliveden, shortly after Viscount and Viscountess Astor had announced their intention of presenting the house and estate to the National Trust. Many of the furnishings, tapestries and pictures, amongst which are fine examples of Lely and other masters, are included in the gift. On these pages are more views of the interior of the beautiful and historic house in Buckinghamshire

Magnificent tapestries in the hall bear the coat of arms of Lord Orkney, presented to him by the first Duke of Marlborough, one of whose Generals he was. They are similar to those at Blenheim



On the walls of Lord Astor's study are pictures of horses bred at the famous Cliveden stud. Lord Astor's fillies have an unique record in the Oaks, and perhaps his proudest day was when Book Law won the St. Leger for him in 1927



In the dining-room at Cliveden stands a bust of Madame de Pompadour, over the fireplace, which, like the panelling in this room, was brought from the hunting-lodge at Asnières belonging to that famous lady, mistress of Louis XV.





Lord Astor Sits Beside the Magnificent Fireplace, Bought From the Spitzer Collection

Young Marrieds



Lady Paston-Bedingfeld

In June 1942, Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld, Welsh Guards, married Miss Joan Lynette Rees, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar G. Rees, of Llanelli. Sir Edmund is the nineteenth owner of Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, the family place, which has descended from father to son since it was built in 1482. Lady Bedingfeld has been working in the Air Transport Auxiliary



The Hon. Mrs. Derek Cardiff

The elder daughter of Lord Newborough, of Glynllivon Park, Caernarvon, married Captain Derek Cardiff, Scots Guards, second son of Colonel and Mrs. Cardiff, of Easton Court, Ludlow, last November. Her first husband, Mr. Charles Vivian Jackson, died in 1936. Mrs. Cardiff is in the Civil Nursing Reserve

*Photographs by
Harlip*



Mrs. Anthony Leatham



Lady Walpole

Lady Walpole was formerly Miss Nancy Louisa Jones, and is a daughter of Mr. Frank Harding Jones, of Housham Tye, Harlow, Essex. She married Lord Walpole in 1937, and they have one son. Lady Walpole is Assistant County Director of the Red Cross, and Commandant of the Norfolk Branch. Her husband is serving in the Middle East



The Hon. Mrs. John Bingham

Miss Dorothea Chatfield, daughter of the Rev. John Kyrle Chatfield, and Captain the Hon. John Edward Bingham, were married in Edinburgh. Captain Bingham is the younger son of the Earl and Countess of Lucan, and is serving in the Derbyshire Yeomanry

(Left) On January 23rd, Miss Victoria Montgomerie-Charrington married Captain Charles Anthony La Trobe Leatham, Welsh Guards. She is the younger daughter of Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington, of Grey Court, King's Sutton. Her father-in-law, Vice-Admiral Sir Ralph Leatham, was appointed Acting Governor of Malta during Lord Gort's absence in England. Mrs. Leatham works in a sheet factory

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Androcles

Extract from the Life Story of the Famous Lion-Tamer:

"A LION which was let loose upon him in the Colosseum exhibited signs of recognition and began licking him. Androcles was pardoned and presented with the lion, which he used to lead about the city."

Another very hard-worked person has just been the recipient of a similar gift, but has stipulated that he is not to be required to keep it either at 10, Downing Street or Chequers, or, as must be supposed, to lead it into the House of Commons at any time, particularly at any such moment as a free-for-all over matters about catering or beverages. The name of the lion in question is "Rota," an unfortunate circumstance, because, although we are assured that he is as harmless as any sucking-dove, it might convey to those who are not fond of animals that he has "got 'em on the list." It is to be hoped that this practice of making presents of denizens of the jungle to Distinguished Personages will not spread, for, however appropriate the animal selected may seem to be, in a good many cases it might add up to libel by innuendo. For instance, a giraffe given to What's-is-name, or a water buffalo to Thimgumybob, or a hyena, a bear, a kangaroo, a hamadryad, a wart-hog to . . . ! How dangerous!

Publicity Mania

FOR many centuries since 1440 Eton got along quite well without Press publicity. It is regrettable that this record should now be broken, and particularly is this so because it has been so broken by the school's own paper. Publicity mania is a disease of modern growth, and we of the Fourth Estate possibly encounter more instances of it than would come the way of the ordinary Man in the Street.

Collateral Security

TWO horses which have run up to Ireland's undisputed champion steeplechaser have just finished first and second over 3 miles 300 yards of Leopardstown—namely, Prince

Blackthorn (10 st. 4 lb.) and Heirdom (10 st.). This was in the Foxrock Handicap, in which Roman Hackle was given top weight, 12 st. 1 lb., and was unplaced. In the recent Irish Hospitals' Chase, which Prince Regent won with 12 st. 2 lb., Roman Hackle, who was a non-starter, had 11 st. 10 lb., so in this race over Leopardstown, Prince Regent, if he had been entered, would automatically have had 12 st. 7 lb., which is exactly what he will get in the Irish Grand National, which is run at Fairyhouse on April 26th. Prince Blackthorn, who won the Foxrock' Chase, was getting 29 lb. from Prince Regent (12 st. 7 lb.) in the Baldydey Handicap Chase, three miles, on January 2nd, and ran him to a neck; Heirdom, second to Prince Blackthorn in the Foxrock' Chase, was getting 4 st. 10 lb. from Prince Regent in the recent Irish Hospitals' Chase at Naas, and could make absolutely no impression upon him. Prince Blackthorn, incidentally, getting 26 lb., gave Golden Jack a handsome drubbing (eight lengths) over 3 miles 100 yards of Leopardstown on Boxing Day. It looks to me, therefore, that if anything is going to trouble Prince Regent in this year's Irish Grand National it might be the other Prince (Blackthorn), unless of course, Lord Sefton's nice horse, Medoc II., comes in and upsets the whole Irish apple-cart. At present my three are Prince Regent, Prince Blackthorn and Medoc II., and we all know approximately what the weights will be.

Piquant Turf Legislation

A CERTAIN very eminent ruling body on the Turf not so very far east of Suez, which has ever been renowned for its progressiveness, I learn, has given a lead to all other Turf Parliaments with some very picturesque new laws. Hitherto, as is well known by one and all who can lay claim to calling themselves Racing Swine, the only "criminals" envisaged under any rules of racing have been owners, trainers, jockeys, jockeys' valets, touts, bookmakers, their pencilers, runners and whatnots. Now, if my information is correct, as I am instructed and believe that it is, the list of miscreants *in posse* is to be much enlarged so as to include



D. R. Stuart

Keeping in Practice

Three competitors in the Oxford and Cambridge Sports which take place on Saturday at Iffley Road Track, Oxford, are J. L. Barrau (Shrewsbury and Merton), high jump and weight; Lewis Graham (Newport and Jesus), half-mile and cross-country; D. L. Murray (King's College, Canterbury and Worcester), mile and cross-country

starters, judges, handicappers and (so my informant fears) stewards, himself being one. This presents a most piquant and not a little embarrassing situation. One can understand quite easily where the first lot are concerned how richly they may deserve to be subject to the penal clauses of the Turf Law, but as to this new bunch, or gang, the innovations almost smack of the sadistic sentence designed for Gilbert's Billiard Sharp, who was condemned to play with elliptical billiard balls and a twisted cue. It is most refreshing to get something like this in these drab times. An Official Starter, so I understand, has already been fined the rupee equivalent of £20 for not getting them all off in a line; a judge an even larger

(Concluded on page 276)



The Oxford and Cambridge Women's Squash Rackets Teams

The Oxford team beat Cambridge by 5 to 0. Anne Blake (St. Hugh's), Mary Walker (St. Anne's), Mary de Putron (the captain and a quadruple Blue; Somerville), Rosamund Rieu (St. Hugh's) and Molly Weeks (St. Hugh's). All these girls are planning to go into the Forces in June this year, except Anne Blake, who is going to teach



D. R. Stuart

The Cambridge side beaten by Oxford. Gillian Jacob, Lucy Gander, Daphne Portway (the captain and a double Blue), Helen Ware and Pamela Fitt, all of whom are at Newnham College. The Cambridge team have been successful in winning the Inter-Varsity match only once since the match was inaugurated six years ago

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

sum for giving it a neck instead of only a short head; and an Official Handicapper has been on the mat for being out by the sex allowance in one of his adjustments.

What Next?

WHILST it is impossible to withhold one's sympathy from these long-suffering and, as I know, very hard-working turf officials, I feel, nevertheless, that there may be something in what a Knight of the Pigskin, who is amongst my informants, has had to say about it: "They've blinkin' well asked for it!" This is as maybe if the "convicts" have been acting in a stipendiary capacity, but not so if they have been only well-meaning volunteers rushing in where I am sure that no angel would think of treading. This new legislation must fling the door wide open to many intriguing sequela. For instance, will it not now be possible for a jockey to serve a writ for slander upon a starter? Think of the bad words starters have used to jockeys in the past and been able to get away with it on the plea of privilege.



H.M.S. Nelson's First XV.

On ground: O/S. Meikle, A/B. Pitt, Lt. G. G. Thomas, R.N.V.R. Front row: Ch/Shpt. Pugh, Capt. H. B. Jacomb, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. T. T. Euman, R.N., Cdr. G. C. Blundell, O.B.E., R.N., Pay/Lt. J. A. Marr, R.N.V.R. Back row: Mids. J. A. C. Evans, P. R. Hay, M. R. Creasy, P. R. M. Hughes-Hallett, R.N., Lt. J. McK. Stewart-Moore, R.N., Sub/Lt. (E.) A. H. Atkinson, R.N., A/B. Joy, S/A. Chambers. The other member of the team, Lt. (E.) A. H. Stringer, R.N., is not present



Bag-Snatching at the Headquarters of the Ninth Army in Palestine

Lieut.-General W. G. Holmes, C.B., D.S.O., Commander of the Ninth Army in Palestine and Trans-Jordania, is a great lover of horses. Whenever his duties permit, he rides in the early morning, one of his favourite mounts being the old friend seen above, who knows from long experience where to find the good things of life. General Holmes, son of the late Dr. Reid Holmes, of Aberdeen, served in the last war. He was mentioned in despatches four times and awarded the D.S.O. and bar

Will not jockeys also be able to cast any steward or stewards in heavy damages for malicious prosecution in any case in which he, or they, have failed to prove such a common charge as having "hooked him up," "pulled his sanguine teeth out," "broken his ruddy-coloured neck"? In my humble submission, such actions are now quite possible, and I believe that even the stupidest stuff groomsman who ever wore a wig could let loose such an avalanche of argument as would sweep any jury out of its box on any judge off his bench.

A Bit of Case Law

WHETHER it will assist or otherwise the Ruling Authorities of that Eastern racing organisation I do not know, but with the amiable intention of being helpful, I will now set down the short facts of an actual case, in which a trainer, whom we used to call "Mike the Moonlighter," was the leading actor. The circumstances were these: Mike had an animal named Judas Iscariot, or Shimei (the gentleman who used such bad words to King David), I really forget which at the moment, in a hunters' flat race at a certain meeting, and, in order to make assurance doubly sure, he wired to a certain cavalry captain, who was the star Corinthian of his times, to come and ride him. So far, so good. Just before the start, however, when the captain thought he would like to have a wager, he found that Judas Iscariot had developed into a roasting hot favourite at 2 to 1 on, having previously been easy to back at sixes. He discovered that Mike had skimmed the cream of the market. It was a moment for quick action, so he spoke to a brother-captain, who was riding the only other one good enough to win (if trying). And so far again, so good, or so bad. Came the battle. Not only was Judas Iscariot turned the wrong way when the gate went up, but during the contest he never seemed to be able to go anywhere near them. The other captain won with his toes in his boots at the nourishing odds of 100 to 6. Then came a sirocco. As Mike led the first captain back to the paddock on Judas Iscariot, he called him everything in the Communion Service, plus a lot more, and so loudly that it even shocked the stewards. They promptly commanded Mike to appear before them after the last race. There was one steward amongst them whose pet name was Champagne Charlie, who was a very jolly fellow, and he regarded the races as just so many silly interruptions to his libations to "plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne." However, he was somehow made to understand that he was required to sit on a case after the last race, so he went to the Stewards' Room bright and early, a long while before the rest. To him arrived the criminal. The moment Champagne Charlie saw Mike he yelled: "What the [here some asterisks, at least a dozen] do you want here, you [here at least two dozen more asterisks]!" "Plaze, sor," said Mike in his humblest tones, "Oi'm here for using abusuv language."



The Usurpers

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Out in the Channel are moored a number of Air-Sea Rescue floats, which have a good-sized cabin fitted with bunks, bedding, stove, food, short-wave wireless set, books, clothing, cigarettes, papers, games, first-aid equipment and so on. When an aircraft is damaged, or unable to make land, it "ditches" as near as it can to one of these floats, which are painted bright yellow, the most conspicuous colour from the air. The crew make the float by means of their rubber dinghy; when aboard they communicate with base and an Air-Sea Rescue vessel goes to their aid. The Germans have also got their own moored floats and the picture shows an R.A.F. Air-Sea Rescue pinnace arriving on its errand of mercy only to find the Hun in temporary possession. Tableau!

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Changes and Chances

"DESTINATION CHUNGKING," by Han Suyin (Cape; 12s. 6d.), is the story of the adventures of a young, modern Chinese couple during the still unfinished China-Japanese war. The scenes contrast, safety and peril alternate, private lives take the background of a national destiny in a manner that could remind one of *War and Peace*. Indeed, the stuff for a gigantic novel is here. But Han Suyin will need the quiet of many years before she can recollect her emotion in tranquillity. It is inevitable that this, her autobiography, should reflect, and to an extent be damaged by, the stress under which it must have been written. Her self-control, up to a point, has been admirable: she writes reticently of the dangers and sufferings of herself and her husband. But her excitement finds a curious outlet—a fatiguing wordiness too often clogs her style.

This wordiness has—at least, to my mind—an Occidental rather than Oriental flavour. Did Han Suyin, during her months in England, steep herself in the works of the more high-class English and American novelists? If so, I could wish that she had not. Or is it the fact that she writes for the Western reader that has made her sacrifice those crystal, classic qualities that one associates with her race? Whatever may be the reason, her originally bare and heroic narrative is obscured, here and there, by veils of "literary" prose... Possibly, the key to the disquiet I felt on reading the earlier parts of *Destination Chungking* (the story gained on me wholly towards its end) may be traced to the book's Foreword. "The names and elaborations" (I read)

"are fictitious, the facts are autobiographical..."

In this era of international chaos the publishers are not at liberty to disclose the names of the authors."

As for the change of names, that makes sense enough. But if the elaborations had to be fictitious, why did we need to have elaborations at all? It is exactly these that I regret. Why add to a *true story*—whose evident authenticity, force and drama should make it more than able to stand on its own feet—adventitious literary padding? And why authors? I cannot see why an autobiography should have more authors than one. If Han Suyin, in preparing her manuscript, sought the help of a Western literary friend, I could wish that too well-meaning assistant had stayed his or her hand.

Han Suyin's own story, apart from trappings, is as simple, tense and moving as you could wish. She is a Chinese girl still young in years, though one might find her old in experience. As a child in Peking, she played, along the canal bank, beneath the willows, with the little boy Pao. Their families lived in the same street. Soon the two were to be separated by the old conventions that keep the young of opposite sexes apart. Suyin, at the end of her time at college

in China (her account of her college days is idyllic), goes to England to study obstetrics. She again meets Pao, now a cadet at Sandhurst. His ambitions had always been military—under the Peking willows one had played war games.

Embattled Nation

ONE might say that the China of Suyin's childhood and girlhood had never known peace. Across the territories she knew, rival war-lords, with their semi-banditti followers, marched and counter-marched. Brief and violently gained victories passed from hand to hand. In the streets, executions provided popular shows for fine afternoons. One of Suyin's earliest memories is of terrible faces grimacing at her across a garden, of her mother's controlled fear, of hurried flight from their home. Peking itself was in constant fever. As for Pao, he, as one of Sun Yat-Sen's disciples, had at fourteen to fly for his life from the city, to escape the slaughter meted out to his school-fellows.... But all this, says Han Suyin, was no more than civil war, and civil war is a mere nothing compared to the real thing. I must say that this view surprised me. The physical horrors of war with Japan as foe are obviously far greater than those of internal struggle. But I find it hard to fancy that civil war does not breed a more deadly poison than any other.

Suyin's unstinted description of those years of unrest serves—as I take it she has intended—to light up, by contrast, the unity reached in China after the Japanese attack. News of the

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I HAVE just been reading a popular story of which the entire theme

was one of *reluctant adultery*. And, because it was reluctant, it lasted nearly 500 pages. Nevertheless, I, the reader, knew, and the hero and heroine knew, and I knew that they knew and they knew that I knew, that it would all end in a led. And it did! Therefore it sometimes seemed to me that all their moral and emotional writhings were to no purpose; except, perhaps, that a temptation long resisted signifies less ultimate sin. As probably it does in the eyes of angels and among sinners themselves.

Alas! the sinned-against do not usually hold this particular theory. He didn't in this instance. When the husband discovered that his wife no longer loved him, he died through sheer desire no longer to live. As he had already lived with her for ten years, I considered this very fictional of him, but I must confess it knocked the spiritual highjafalutin' out of the love-affair, and so brought the story to an abrupt stop. No lover can writhe deliciously when only a new coot provides the one most urgent problem. Briefly, therefore, it was once again that old, old story which presupposes that an act of moral treachery, if inwardly a great-to-do is made of it, assumes a kind of halo; whereas, if the truth be known, the only halo becoming to temptation is to skedaddle into safety while the ske-daddling is good. If you play with fire long enough you always get burnt—usually because, subconsciously,

By Richard King

that is exactly what you have been longing to happen all the time! The fun seemed to be worth it—while it was only funny.

As a matter of fact, the real moral of the story was never pointed, it seemed to me. Absence does not make the heart grow fonder unless both parties to the separation have a grim and lonely time. Providing one of them is left with plenty of amusing distractions, the parting injunction to "Enjoy yourself, darling, as much as you can," is, to all intents and purposes, an invitation to romantic suicide. Present enjoyment is inclined to blur the outline of past ecstasies, while boredom tends to idealise them. And this applies to people as well as to circumstances. Consequently, the bored one returns at least emotionally filled with dream standards, while the one who has got along fairly well has developed along independent lines. Reunion is a tricky business. Both are somehow different. Readjustment becomes necessary. It doesn't always succeed. In fact, were I a lover bidding a long farewell to my sweetheart, my parting wishes would be for her to have a completely "lousy" time until my return. Then I should know that reunion would bring to me something fairly closely resembling the idealised picture of her which my own discomfort would have painted—not in the least like someone who, though pleased to see me, nevertheless found me a slight interruption amid her new life. Isn't love a barbed-wire business?



Harriet

Mrs. Norman Crowther

Mrs. Norman Crowther is Chairman of the Soirée Dansante which is to take place at Claridge's at the beginning of April in aid of the British Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund. There is to be dancing, cabaret, and bridge for those who like to bring their own cards, markers and pencils. The Duchess of Marlborough is acting as president of the Dance Committee

attack on Shanghai reaches the two young Chinese, who are now in love, in England. They return together to serve their country. They land at Hong Kong; they are married at Hankow. Pao has at once reported for service, and Suyin, after an heroic attempt to remain at her hospital work in threatened Hankow, joins him. From this point begins the history of arduous journeys, of places, first seen as lovely and peaceful, one by one engulfed in the tide of war.

The refugee passages are memorable; so are the accounts of panic caused by the first raids. The arrival in still untroubled Chungking, at the house of Suyin's banker uncle, is like an arrival in heaven. Yet, soon, Chungking is to provide the most terrible scenes of all.

When Pao is sent to the northern front, Suyin is left with her family; for a time, traditional life claims her. Her family stands for the Old China, she for the New—and it says much for the grace and good manners on both sides that no conflict arises. She, as the emancipated young woman, receives the timid confidences of her more cloistered sisters and aunts. This picture of family life, just on the edge of transition, is full of delicate comedy. We meet, too, several young people of charm and character—for instance, Lisan, that expensive schoolgirl Communist, so inconsistent in her passionate views. With Pao and Suyin reunited during the Chungking air raids, we close on an heroic idyll: Love among the Ruins.

(Concluded on page 280)

Getting Married



Porter — Courtenay

Dr. Charles Porter, of 69, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, and Geraldine Mazere Courtenay, daughter of the late Dr. Edward Mazere Courtenay, of Dunmore, Kingstown, and of Mrs. M. J. Nolan, of Newcastle, Down, were married quietly in London



Sturge — Foxell

Sub-Lieut. Philip A. J. Sturge, R.N.V.R., son of Mrs. Sturge and the late P. M. Sturge, of Moseley, and Anne Foxell were married recently. She is the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Humphrey Foxell, of Edgbaston



Allwork, Tonbridge

Johnson — Wright

Lieut. H. C. Johnson, R.A.S.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Johnson, of Childwall Mount, Liverpool, married Betty Wright, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Wright, of Paddock Wood House, Kent, at Brenchley Parish Church

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Ward, Harrow

Blennerhassett — Fenwick

Dr. Terence H. Blennerhassett, son of the late H. Blennerhassett, and Mrs. Blennerhassett, of Hove, Sussex, married Margaret Joyce Fenwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Fenwick, of 8, Wood Grange Avenue, Kenton, Harrow, at St. Mary's, Kenton



Porteous — Roome

Captain Patrick A. Porteous, V.C., R.A., son of the late Brig.-Gen. C. M. Porteous, and Mrs. Porteous, of Fleet, Hants., and Lois Mary Roome, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Roome, of Totland Bay, I.O.W., were married at St. Cross Church, Winchester



Stammers — Cannon

Sub-Lieut. John Richard Stammers, R.N.V.R., only son of Lieut. and Mrs. J. W. Stammers, of Blackthorn, Purley, Surrey, married Margaret Joy Cannon, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cannon, of Marston, Pilgrim's Way, Guildford, at St. Mary's, Shalford, Surrey



Etheridge — Sturgess

F/O. G. A. Etheridge, D.F.C., of Eastbourne, and Helen Sturgess were married at St. Mary's Church, Eastbourne. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sturgess, of Southgate and Eastbourne



Foxlee — Anderson

Sub-Lieut. J. B. Foxlee, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Foxlee, of Collaton, Brentwood, Essex, married Sheila Anderson, only child of the late John Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, of Glen Airlie, Lundin Links, Fifeshire, at Largo Parish Church



Neville Rolfe — Evans

Lieut. Edmund Neville Rolfe, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, son of Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Neville Rolfe, of Heacham, Norfolk, married Margaret Elizabeth Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans, of 42, Campden Hill Square, W., at Brompton Oratory

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 267)

individualism. He is a shy, bearded young man, whose blonde wife was Miss Wendy Blood; a kinswoman of the late Sir Bindon Blood.

News from Ireland

DUBLIN has been very gay lately with many people up from the country and on leave from England. Lady Charles Cavendish was on her way to England, and so were Lord and Lady Kenmare, who stayed with Mr. David Gray, the American Minister, at the lovely American Legation in Phoenix Park. Mrs. Frankie Boylan dined with Colonel Sir Charles and Lady Grattan Bellieu and Sir Walter Nugent before crossing the next day to see her popular husband, who manages Major Dermot McCalmon's stud, as well as soldiering in England. Lady Lambart and her son, Sir Oliver, who is on leave, lunched together at Jammets. The Hon. Bruce and Mrs. Ogilvie had tea in a large party with Mrs. More O'Ferrall and her son Roderick, who trains, Lady Nugent and her younger daughter, Gloria, Mrs. Gerald Annesley, Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Knowles, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Beary. Mrs. Pierce Synott joined them later (she was Miss Ann Bailey, daughter of the great Sir Abe Bailey by his marriage to the Hon. Mary Westenra).

Meath Pre-Hunt Ball

THE pre-hunt ball meet of the Meath was held at Frank Cannon's house at Ballymacarney. It starts under both Rules in Ireland and is very popular. There was a strong racing contingent out: Dan Moore, Willie O'Grady, Hubert Hartigan, both the Cannons, the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Wellesley (she followed in a smart pony-trap), Captain John Kennedy, who is in the Irish Guards, Peg Watt, of *Vinted* fame, Mrs. Nesbit Waddington, whose husband manages the Aga Khan's studs; Mrs. Victor Parr and Mrs. Andrew Moore—her husband is Master of the Ward Union, but could not get out, as he is a member of the I.H.N.S., who had a meeting that day. The scene was set for great sport, and Mrs. Connell, the Master, did not disappoint her eager field. There were three rattling good hunts, lots of scratched faces and muddy backs, but it was a great day and everyone went home well content.

Irish Hospitals' Chase

ALL Ireland seemed to be at Naas to see Prince Regent win the Irish Hospitals' Chase. He was a good favourite and, as a good favourite should be, was cheered to the echo when he took the lead about four fences from home. He cantered home an easy winner, and had he won the Derby he could not have got a warmer reception. For sheer tonic effect, the Irish race-crowd, with the favourite winning the big race, has no equal. Opposition, in the shape of transport difficulties, seems to act as a spur to the Irish. Mrs. Edward Kennedy arrived in a donkey-cart, kept warm by a sapphire-blue rug (her husband, "Cub" Kennedy, bred the Tetraeth, the wonder horse responsible for so much of our sprinting blood). The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley (Mrs. Kennedy's daughter) and her husband came down from Dublin; so did Major and Mrs. Hubert Watt and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Annesley. The starter, Frank Cannon, drove to the starts in a trap drawn by a minute pony (Captain Allison might find this a good tip should he tire of his white steed).



A Lunch for the Lord Chancellor

The St. Stephen's Club recently gave a lunch in honour of Lord Simon. This photograph shows him arriving with Lady Simon and Group Captain William Helmore, M.P. Behind them is Sir Albert Clavering, the chairman. The former Sir John Simon, Leader of the Liberal National Party, became Lord Chancellor in 1940, when he was created a Viscount.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

The Other Side of a Picture

"THE GREAT O'NEILL": A Biography of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, 1550-1616, by Sean O'Faolain (Longmans; 15s.), shows the inverse side of the glory of the Elizabethan Age. England stood up triumphant against the Spanish power, but still felt a thorn in her flesh—Ireland: small thorn, you might say, in actual size. It festered, however, as even small thorns will do, once having entered the Queen's vanity. The Gaelic Irish wished, not perhaps unnaturally, to continue to occupy their own lands in peace, to practise their own religion, to address their loyalty to their own, traditional lords. This attitude was seen, from the other side of the water, as not only inconvenient to English expansion (synonymous with "progress"), but as morally wrong. The Elizabethan adventurers were considerably less priggish and hypocritical than the Cromwellians: they were innocent of religious cant, being, rather, animated by a not unheroic idea of civilisation. In regarding the Irish as savages, they were, one feels sure, sincere. One is inured (unhappily) to the fact that atrocities have, through the ages, been perpetrated in religion's name. It is, somehow, more startling to learn, from Mr. O'Faolain's pages, by what methods civilisation was imposed.

To *The Great O'Neill*, this conflict of attitudes provides a necessary background. Hugh O'Neill, Gaelic Ulster lord, with 600 years of O'Neill glory behind him, matched, and all but defeated, the proud English concept with one, as proud, of his own. The Gaelic chieftain, as he matured, showed himself as a figure of the Renaissance stature, a prince-general, the fame of whose valour and wiliness was to spread through Europe. Had he won out, as he so nearly did, he would have deflected the course of the main stream of history. As it was, he "wore out Elizabeth" (who, ironically, lay dead, though he did not know it, when he made his final submission to her Deputy, Mountjoy), "broke generals like Essex and Brough, involved Spain and Rome." And this Irishman—now so falsified, if glorified, by the national myth—became, as Mr. O'Faolain shows, a patriot *malgré lui*. He, who first after centuries of internal division was to see Ireland, and bring her to see herself, as a nation, first appears as a proud, inscrutable youth obsessed by the urge to establish his own position. Family rivalries made this more than uncertain: he therefore played for, and drew on, English support.

Sir Henry Sydney, then Deputy of Ireland, brought the Irish boy back with him to his English home. Ludlow Castle, Penshurst and aristocratic London were the scenes of O'Neill's formative years. He noticed much; he learned much. At eighteen, recognised as Baron of Dungannon, he returned to fend for himself in his own land. He burned to succeed his father as recognised head of the O'Neills, "The O'Neill"—but, too, as Earl of Tyrone. For years his Irish-bred and his English-gained ambitions ran parallel.

The English, on their side, played O'Neill as a possible useful man. It was, as Mr. O'Faolain shows, their policy to exploit the rivalry between Irish chiefs. But they found O'Neill incalculable—as he found them. The threat that he was to constitute at first only emerged slowly. It was true that he rode with the English forces who ground down the Desmond rising in Munster, and who, in so doing, laid Munster bare. But even then he was mounting up his own power, and, secretly, learning from the Munster Irish mistakes. When the time came in Ulster, he refused to seek war; it sought him. But, having been sought by war, he waged it relentlessly, with an astuteness, with a sinister patience, wholly at odds with the view of Irish impulsiveness. During his nine great years, the bogs and the rain-drenched woods were to be the graves of many a promising English reputation.

Above all, the interest of this story is the character of Hugh O'Neill himself—and one cannot enough admire the way in which Mr. O'Faolain has approached and depicted a character whose ultimate mystery he admits. Only a novelist of the first order could have written *The Great O'Neill*. At the same time, as an historic study the value of the book is, I feel, as great. Hugh O'Neill's biographer has been well found, for Mr. O'Faolain is, like his great subject, a wholly dispassionate Irishman. The analysis of O'Neill's diplomacy could not, I may say, be better done. Let us have more books out of Ireland written in this shrewd, dignified, unresentful and entirely grown-up spirit.

The Delights of England

THE "Britain in Pictures Series" (Collins; 4s. 6d.) continues to put out gems. John Betjeman's *English Cities and Small Towns* is, as one might expect, as sound in feeling as it is fascinating in style. No one could be better than Mr. Betjeman at sensing (and respecting) the atmosphere of a city, or at capturing the often elusive atmosphere of a small town. For him, the arrival at each new place is a feast of sensation. He has, and generously makes free to us, his own methods of finding his way around. He warns us against despising the local guide-book, in which matter lies buried deep among many advertisements; he suggests that the revolving postcard-stand at the stationer's is a useful pointer to the sights of the neighbourhood. He also attacks (as in his earlier books) the English fixation in favour of the "antique." Villas, alleys and railway bridges may be as rewarding as ruins. The great thing is to have the seeing eye. Seaports and watering-places, industrial, cathedral and university cities, spas, railway centres and mellow market towns are equally dealt with here. The illustrations are exquisite. A John Piper, of Kemp Town, Brighton, backs on a naive, cheerful view of a Swindon bridge.

Engineering takes wings . . .



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. Brooke

● Sometimes this generation is inclined to overlook the fact that the House of Courtauld is of very ancient lineage. Its products are known for their beauty and quality in almost every home. It is no exaggeration to say that this firm's rayon has played a prominent part in the world of fashion. Dressmakers all the world over declare it is of exalted merit. Nowadays it is also used for work of national importance, hence the supply for clothes is limited. The dress pictured on the right of this page is a Susan Small model in Quality Tested fabric made with Courtaulds rayon. It is in a lovely shade of air blue with unpressed pleats and a softly rolled rever neckline. White is attractively introduced in many of the models and there are individual notes which make all the difference



● Among the pleasures of the Easter wedding is assembling the trousseau, as it is possible to include dresses and their companions in spring shades. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are particularly successful in this respect. This season there are fewer white frocks than usual: many are of the classical character with soft flowing veils. The dress pictured on this page on the left is of a delicate shade of ice blue and is decidedly flattering to the youthful figure. Furthermore, it may take the place of a wrapper; as a matter of fact, many a niche may be found for it in the modern trousseau. Of course, it may be short or long. Wrappers expressed in "slogan" fabrics have their roles to play and are looked on with favour by the bridesmaid. It is non-committal in character and is warmly to be recommended for tropical wear. There is always something different about tailormades, special attention being devoted to the cut, also to the accessories which are destined to accompany them



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CONFIDENCE plays an important part in our wartime lives, for it is confidence that makes good leaders and good workers. In a woman, confidence springs from both character and appearance, and it is for this reason that we recommend the use, in moderation, of Gala. For a touch of lively colour on the lips emphasises their character, and gives a feeling of self-confidence to the wearer.



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Speech or Silence

TWO of the greatest nations on earth, the United States of America and Soviet Russia, show a sharp divergence in their treatment of aviation news. America is open; Russia is reticent. America states the exact number of aircraft her factories deliver each month; Russia has never, so far as I know, given the slightest indication of her output. In the great Russian offensive, however, aircraft have been active. A report of the fighting which led to the taking of Rostov, for instance, mentions the large scale employment by the Russians of dive bombers in the crossing of the Don and about Bataisk. Russian dive bombers include the Stormovik (sometimes called a low-level attack machine) and the S.U.2. There is also the S.B.R.K. But not a great deal is positively known about any of these machines. I do not recollect even seeing the dimensions of the admirable-looking little M.I.G.III fighter given. It is easy to argue in favour of Russian reticence and of American outspokenness. American output, for instance, is so far ahead of the output of any other country that publication of the exact, official figures, can do nothing but create alarm and despondency throughout Germany.

350 a Day

UNLESS there is something very wrong with all the estimates, the Allied aircraft output must now be approaching 350 a day. And of this total the Americans are doing by far the greater share. I cannot conceive anything more useful to the Allied cause so far as propaganda is concerned, than the publication and reiteration of these figures. They, more than anything else, are the writing on the wall we hear so much about.

The argument in favour of Russian reticence, however, can be supported almost equally well. The strength of the Soviet Union has been from the first an enigma. We know little about the Red Air Force.

We know less about the aircraft it uses except when these come from British and American factories. It might be held that this mystery is more profoundly disturbing to the enemy—who, knowing nothing, suspects the worst—than any amount of talk. I have never seen the two sides argued with any show of logic. But it may be that the answer is relative.

When output is setting world records and it is certain that the enemy cannot touch it, then state the figures in the loudest terms. Do what Mr. Donald Nelson did the other day when he announced that nearly 5,500 aircraft were delivered by United States factories in December. When, however, the enemy is in a position to threaten the factories and when output is not believed to be able to establish an unbeatable lead—as in Britain and Russia—lie low and say nothing or else wrap up what you do say in a set of percentages of increase over some date in the past.

Turretry

MUCH attention has concentrated of late on the armament of German aircraft and the ingenious devices they have used to improve fire power. In the Focke-Wulf 190, for instance, the inboard Mauser 20 mm. guns are electrically fired and synchronised. In the Messerschmitt 210 the rearward firing 13 mm. guns are mounted in barbettes and are aimed and fired by remote control from a post in the after part of the cabin enclosure. These are interesting advances and will receive attention from our armament experts. But I do think that those British engineers and inventors who pioneered the aerial gun turret deserve a great deal more recognition than they get. These turrets appeared in British aircraft before any others. They were the result of an enormous amount of painstaking



In the Western Desert

Squadron-Leader J. B. Selby, D.F.C., of Wiltshire (right) has been awarded the D.S.O. for outstanding leadership and determination and for setting a splendid example to his squadron throughout much operational flying at night. With Squadron-Leader Selby is Flight-Lieutenant J. C. Ford, of Gullane, Scotland, the Adjutant of the Squadron

work and a vast deal of experiment. The Air Ministry had long supported this work, although the authorities in other countries refused to have anything to do with the turret idea. Now I take it that most people would agree that the gun turret will become a more and more important part of the large aircraft as fire power increases. We shall see more and bigger turrets. Let us, then, not forget this time that British engineers did their part in the early days. The Boulton Paul experiments were remarkable and so were the Frazer-Nash ones (the Frazer-Nash turret being built by Parnall). Our big bombers would not have had the successes they have, and the casualties would have been a lot higher, had it not been for all this work.

Fleet Air Arm

ALL the signs are that the future of the Fleet Air Arm will be favourable. There has been a real attempt in the Admiralty to improve the situation, to sort out the problem

promotion and to press forward with aircraft development for fleet use. But it is a fact that the three Service system has in the past led to a neglect of Navy and Army requirements. It is no good looking back on what might have been. All that need be said now is that anybody, of high or low rank, who seeks to nourish inter-Service jealousies and undesirable rivalries, is working for the enemy. Inter-Service rivalry in time of peace may not be harmful, but depends largely on the nature of the rivalry. But in time of war it is apt to be damaging because it tends to diminish the total effort concentrated against the enemy. The object of the critics, therefore, should be to find and point out the weak spots, without at the same time seeking to attribute them to an individual Service.



Let's have a Gin and VOTRIX VERMOUTH

Votrix, produced at the Vine Products Vintner in Surrey, may often be difficult to get owing to wartime restrictions, but it is still available. "Dry," bottle size, 6/9. "Sweet," bottle size, 6/3d.



EYES RIGHT

Let's see...

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In the days of the French Revolution, Schweppes Table Waters first became a household word and for 150 years their fame and distinction has become ever more widely known.

Now in the midst of a World Revolution it is the duty and desire of all to make sacrifices to assist towards Victory. Table Waters, as made by Schweppes, will therefore disappear from the market until final triumph is achieved. But then—as subjugated Nations will rise to resume their position in the world, so will these unequalled Table Waters return to their high standard of excellence.



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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

"MAN overboard!" came the cry. Instantly all was commotion. Boats were lowered and a search was made in vain. Then the roll was called and the mystery deepened. All were "present and correct."

At last a very scared-looking A.B. approached the officer of the watch.

"I think, sir, as 'ow the man overboard must ha' been me," he said. "I went over, but I managed to grab the anchor chain and climbed in again."

"Then why didn't you report to me at once?" came the stern rebuke.

"I would ha' done, sir, but being in one of the lifeboats' crews, I had to go away to look for a man overboard."

JONES was a domestic poultry keeper—in other words, he kept hens. One night he had two stolen. The next night he stayed up in the hen shed with a friend to wait for the thieves. After they had been waiting a short time a storm blew up and the shed started swaying in the breeze.

After an hour's waiting, Jones, bored stiff, announced that he was going to bed, saying: "They won't come tonight, Tom."

He stepped out of the shed and found himself on a motor lorry moving slowly along a country lane.

They were taking the shed, too.

HE sat fidgeting and nervous in the solicitor's waiting-room. A clerk entered.

"I say," said the client, beckoning to him. "I have an appointment with the solicitor at ten o'clock. It's about a legacy."

"And how long have you been waiting?" asked the clerk.

"Twenty years!" replied the other.



"And This is Alvar Lidell Singing It"

The well-known B.B.C. news announcer who has recently left Broadcasting House, fulfilled one of his last public engagements, before going into the Forces, at a National Gallery luncheon concert. At the invitation of Dame Myra Hess, with whom he is seen, Mr. Alvar Lidell, who, for some years, has been acting as Second Senior Announcer at the B.B.C., sang to the large audience of war workers who regularly spend their lunch hour at the National Gallery.

THE rush and scramble of washing and shaving in camp in the early, still dark hours was in full swing. Then one soldier turned to his neighbour and said:—

"I say, Bill, have you got a good memory for faces?"

"Yes," replied Bill from behind a mess of soapsuds.

"Well, see if you can remember your own face when you shave it. I've just burst the mirror."

The rescue launches which search for air crews forced down in the sea need your waste paper for engine gaskets, for cartridge boxes and boxes for storing food. Do not fail them.

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THE recruit was disappointed with his uniform. It seemed to fit nowhere.

He was still trying to make the buttons fit his tunic meet when he passed the colonel on the parade ground. And in his pre-occupation he forgot to salute.

"Pull yourself together," said the colonel. "Don't you know you're wearing the King's uniform?"

"Oh, that's it," said the recruit. "I knew it wasn't meant for me."

A GERMAN officer had returned from Russia to attend hospital for treatment. When he arrived at the building he found two doors, one marked "Troops" and the other marked "Officers."

He entered the door marked "Officers" and found two more doors: one marked "Serious cases" and the other marked "Slightly injured."

He went in the "Slightly injured" door and found two more doors: one marked "Party Members" and the other marked "Non-Party Members."

He pushed open the door marked "Non-Party Members" . . . and found himself in the street.

A couple of days later a friend asked him if the hospital had cured him.

"Not exactly," he replied, "but the organisation was marvellous!"

A LMOST covered in bandages, the two soldiers limped into the dock.

"What started the trouble between you?" asked the magistrate.

"It was like this," said one of the men. "First he throws 'is beer over me, then I 'is 'im in the face with me rifle. Then 'e cuts me 'ead open with a bottle so I pushes 'im through a win'er. The next thing we know we're fighting!"



Health-Hints — by 'Sanitas' DON'T CATCH OTHER PEOPLE'S COLDS

NOWADAYS, nobody can remain sealed up in their own homes. Old and young alike, we have to mix with crowds—in buses and trams and trains; in factories and offices; in crowded restaurants and canteens.

Most germs enter through the nose and mouth. The throat is often their breeding-ground. So, keep the nostrils clear and clean; and rinse the mouth and throat regularly with a little SANITAS and warm water.

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A bottle of SANITAS lasts a long time. It destroys untold millions of germs. You feel fresh and clean and healthy after a SANITAS mouth-wash!

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are famous for the development of rayon. Courtaulds rayon is scarce in war time, when National needs take precedence. It will return with Peace, more beautiful and versatile than before. Nor is this all. The name of Courtaulds will be associated with new developments to benefit mankind in a measure not less notable than the evolution of rayon.

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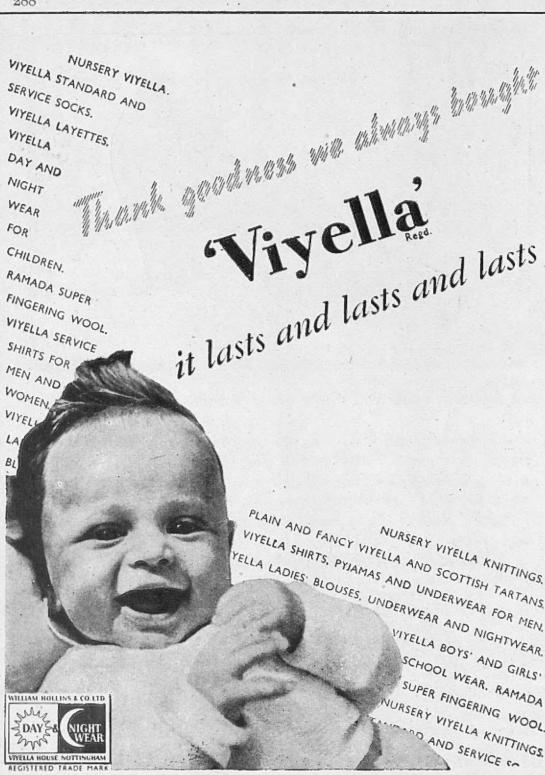
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TO THE R.A.F. TRAINING CAMP— SOMEWHERE IN U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Colin,

Fancy you being in the States and the village here being full of Americans. The Americans told me a lot about the Cherokee Indians who used to paint themselves red, white and blue, but have now got large oil concessions and live on their Reserves.

However, since you are now a Squadron Leader engaged in training people for the R.A.F. you will doubtless have little time for the lighter side of life, though I have heard that the mint juleps are not to be sneezed at. Quite on the contrary. Can you get any Rose's Lime Juice out on the prairie? We can still get some here, so there is little chance of an epidemic of hangovers when the young gentlemen arrive home on leave. The Americans are taking to it like a duck to water. They certainly know their way about.

Constable Huggins got entangled in some barbed wire while keeping two suspicious characters under observation behind the Bull's Head, but his trousers have now been invisibly reconditioned. That, Sir, is all my news.

Yours respectfully

Albert Hawkins (Sergeant—
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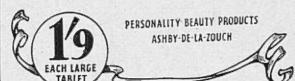
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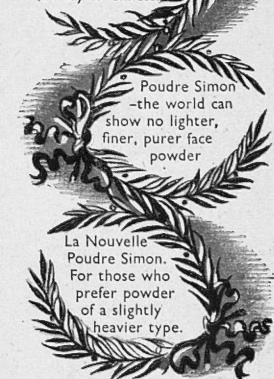


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